



**High School
Journal**

(and Stylus)

MEMOR
Taunton

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1907

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To our Teacher, Miss Florence Stone, who has aided us in many ways during the year, this book is sincerely and affectionately dedicated.



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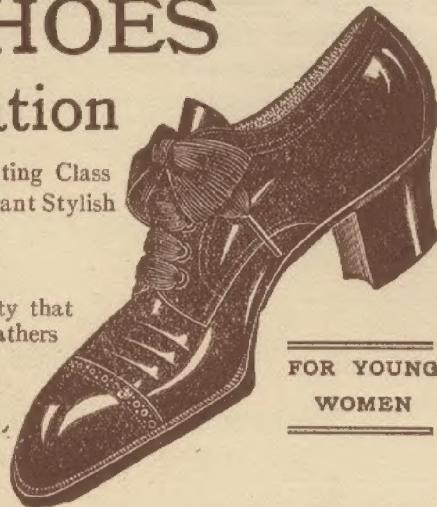
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High School Journal.

TAUNTON, MASS., JUNE, 1907.

STAFF:

CHARLES J. C. GILLON, . . . *Editor.*
ROBERT T. HASLAM, . . . *Business Mgr.*

We take this opportunity to thank all who have, in any way, contributed to the success of THE JOURNAL.

C. A. HACK & SON, Printers.

EDITORIAL.



ITH high school days drawing to a close, some are resting content with work well done but others, the majority, are regretting lost opportunities, opportunities allowed to slip by heedlessly. Let us not mourn over our mistakes, however, but profit by them and try to escape the snares and pitfalls that lie in our path, for "forewarned is forearmed" and our past experiences may prove to be blessings in disguise.

We wish to urge the undergraduates to support the various athletic teams of the school. This year has been a banner year in our athletic history. Every team has been the champion in its respective branch of sport of South Eastern Massachusetts. With poor teams there might be some excuse for non-support, but this year there is no excuse. Yet it is not unusual for members of the school to fail to know that there is a game on or at least who the opponents are. They do not take the trouble even to read the posters. If one asks them why they do not attend the games they will answer: "I don't like baseball, or football," or whatever the sport may be, but if the truth be told they will confess they do not know the game. There

are some that go through the school without ever seeing a game. Fellow schoolmates, wake up and turn out!

Furthermore during the past year there has been a marked lack of interest shown, on the part of the pupils, in the "Stylus," both in their support and contributions to the paper. Frequent inquiries are heard why a better paper isn't run. Out of the four hundred pupils in the school only about two hundred at the most buy copies of the "Stylus". This tells the story. It takes money to run any kind of paper, and those who run the paper have to rely more and more each year on the proceeds of the sales. The time will come when, unless the pupils of the school support the "Stylus" better than they do now, the paper will have to be discontinued.

As usual we grave, reverend Seniors have good advice to deal out to the undergraduates. We wish to impress upon the Juniors the important position that they will be placed in next year, that of older brothers and sisters to the other classmen. Do your duty, Juniors, even as we have done. But each class should strive to make its record better than the one before. If all strive to do so, they will succeed. A runner on the cinder paths loaf around the track, but if a competitor presses him he is capable of great speed. Competition is a great incentive to better and greater endeavor.

We leave the school with only kind feeling and gratitude toward those who have labored with us for four long years. We know that often times we have tried them sorely and tested their patience to the limit, but they bore with us and helped us pass over the rough places in high-school life. We shall ever love dear old Taunton High and will always look back and remember the days spent here as the happiest of our lives.

CLASS HISTORY.

SINCE we, the class of 1907, are soon to resign our proud position as Seniors to the class of 1908, it seems fitting, that a brief review of our four eventful years should be taken.

In September of 1903, one hundred and forty-six grammar school graduates, the future class of '07, entered Taunton High School. Some came with the desire of fitting themselves for college, others with the knowledge that in four years, their school-life would be over, and all with the intention of getting as much fun as possible out of the Taunton High. Need we say that none of us failed in this?

A short time after we of 1907 became members in good and regular standing (?) of Taunton High, a class meeting was called in the hall to elect class officers and to choose class colors. Mr. Lawrence Dean was elected President, Mr. Charles Fisher, Vice-President, Miss Ethel Newcomb, Treasurer and Mr. Willis Hodgman, Secretary. Then after some discussion about colors, Yale blue and gold were suggested and found favor with us all. Class pins were ordered at once and, when received, gave immediate satisfaction. During this first year of 1907's life, only one sad event occurred. This was the death of our classmate, James Masterson.

On our return to High School in September, 1904, most of us found ourselves possessors of the proud title, Sophomore. A few of our school mates were missing, but '07 bore with modest humility the honor of being the largest Sophomore class in the record of the school. It was during this second year of our young life that the invasion of the North Pleasant Street School turned us Sophomores out of the annex. Some of us found seats in Mr. Walker's room, while the rest of us were transferred to the hall under Miss Hamer. Nothing else of

note occurred during this year. "Happy is that class (nation) whose annals are uninteresting."

The class returned to High School in the fall of 1905 with its ranks somewhat thinned. Two of the class officers, Mr. Lawrence Dean and Miss Ethel Newcomb, had left to continue their school-life out of town. A class-meeting was called to supply the vacant places and Mr. Charles Gillon was elected President and Miss Marion Peck, Treasurer.

The greatest event of our Junior year was the class-dance. This was a social and financial success, so much so that we were able to contribute our thirty dollars for defraying graduation expenses of the Seniors.

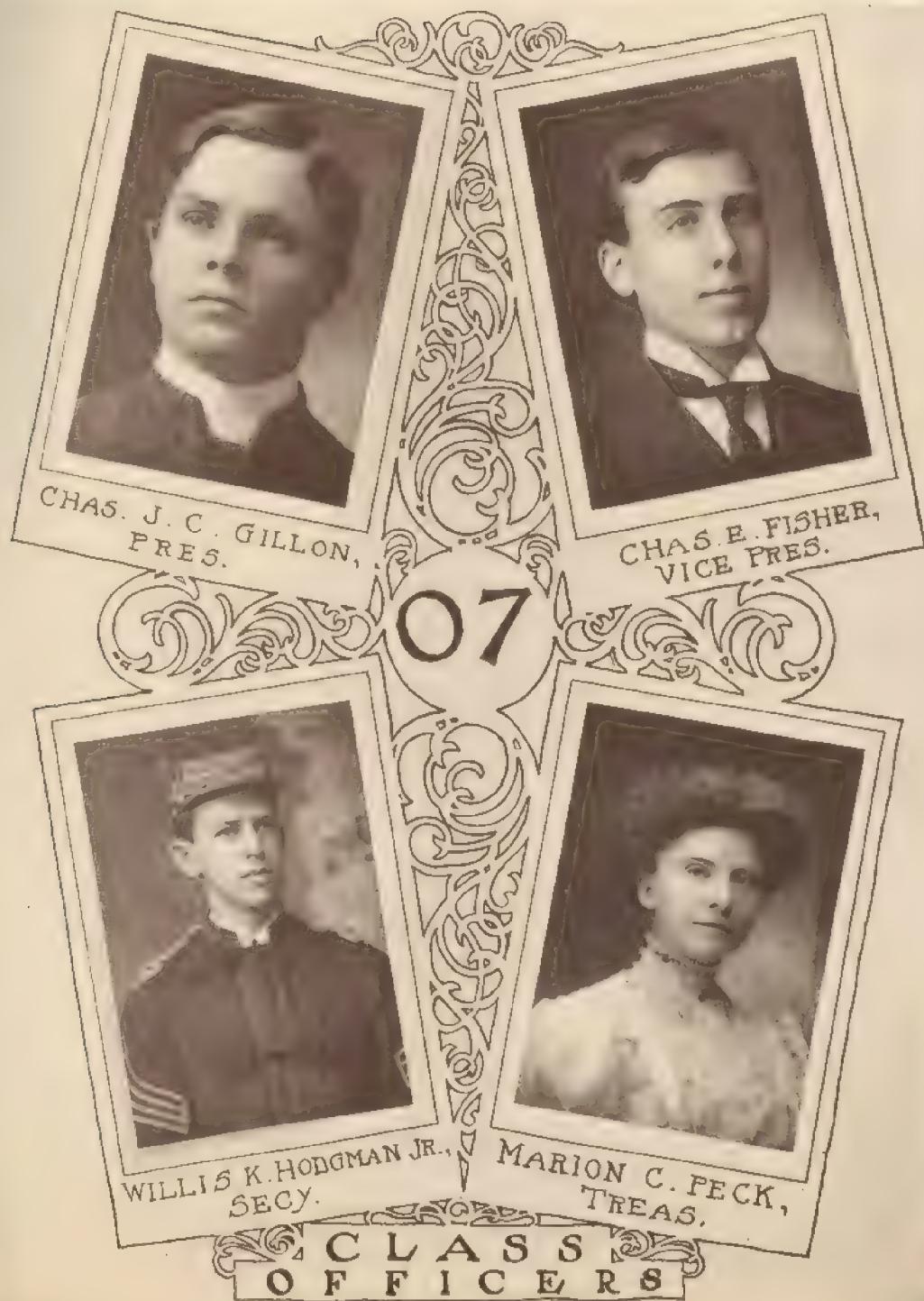
In this year, 1906, occurred another sad event, the death of our classmate Alice Gaffeny.

With about seventy members, '07 entered upon the home-run last September. The months have passed more quickly than they have ever done before. Hardly had school begun when the semi-annuals were upon us, and no sooner were these over with, than spring (by courtesy) was with us. Our last social affair took the form of a dance in Odd Fellows' Hall, June 7th. As seven is a lucky number and our committee was most painstaking, it was a success from every point of view.

A few more days and we, as 1907 Seniors, shall be no more. That those who succeed us may be as happy and prosperous in school-life as we have been, is the wish of the 'Naughty Seven.'—M. W.

PUZZLE: FIND THE AUTHOR.

I don't just remember this minute what the proof is but I know it's so anyhow. You look in the book and you'll find out I'm right.



1906—The T. H. S. Calendar—1907

Sept. 13. School begins,—an unlucky day.

Sept. 14. "Shark" Dunn makes his first and last recitation for the year.

Sept. 16. An algebra division of Freshies gets lost in the corridor.

Sept. 20. Everything seems to be in smooth running order. Miss Beers receives four gentlemen on matters of business. (?)

Sept. 23. O Fateful day! The Cadet election. "Robby" receives one vote and is unanimously elected.

Sept. 30. Foot-ball squad out. "Willie" Philbrick and "Stew" Tuttle are promising candidates for the second team.

Oct. 2. After a long search an editor for the "Stylus" is found in the person of Gillon, who accepts very graciously. Another honor is then heaped upon "Robby" who is made business manager.

Oct. 6. A few Freshies are even now seen wandering up and down the corridor with gaping mouths.

Oct. 7. Miss Callahan has one of her peculiar spells, and is planted on the platform.

Oct. 11. 3 p. m. Hodgman strolls up Cedar Street. 8 p. m. R. Dean goes up Cedar Street.

Oct. 12. 3 p. m. R. Dean calls on Cedar Street. 8 p. m. Hodgman calls on Cedar Street.

Oct. 13. 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Hodgman and R. Dean both call on Cedar Street.

Oct. 17. Taunton wins at foot-ball. "Bones" suffers a severe contusion of the head.

Oct. 20. Checks are being cashed with great regularity, especially by the select board of Seniors.

Oct. 25. Hodgman and R. Dean do not take their accustomed stroll up Cedar Street. The inhabitants of No. 52 have gone to Lakeville.

Oct. 31. Lila fails to smile.

Nov. 2. Taunton wins at foot-ball.

Nov. 6. Reports! Great excitement in all classes especially among candidates for graduation. Lila, among others, fails to smile.

Nov. 8. Stylus appears. Big "sell."

Nov. 10. "Duke" says "Thought must have weight and dimensions because my thoughts often weigh heavy on my mind."

Nov. 15. Swig works till 3 a. m. on Book-keeping.

Nov. 20. Burns and L. Kearns with their chorus are "waiting at the church."

Nov. 21. Preparations for the trip to Brockton with the foot-ball team on the 24th. Whole school itching with expectancy.

Nov. 23. "Did you see what Dunn done?"

Nov. 24. Taunton High, 6; Brockton High 0. Keith Cup the property of the Taunton boys. Brockton no longer on the map. "Dunn done."

Nov. 25. Great feed. Cadet Social. Late hours.

Nov. 26. 11. a. m. Sleepy heads.

Nov. 29. First call for Basket-Ball candidates. One present, Capt. Willie.

Dec. 3. C. Bassett's tan boots appear.

Dec. 5. Toomey '07 arrives at school on time.

Dec. 8. Manter smiles.

Dec. 9. White and Bassett pose before the assembled third class.

Dec. 11. The freshmen listen to a lecture on "Ingenuity."

Dec. 15. Vacation near at hand. "Hurrah".

Dec. 22 Last day of school. Cadet Semi-
Annual Prize Drill. Honors go
to Knowles, Townsend and Gillon.

Dec. 31 School begins. Zeros profuse.
Half of the freshmen absent. In
their "verdure" they take two
weeks.

Jan. 2. Knowles begins to be interested in
Raynham Centre.

Jan. 4. Knowles goes to Raynham to inspect
Dean Hall, but stops on the road
at a large yellow house.

Jan. 7. The girls in the Senior class form
a Greek letter society which they
call "Sigma Phi" better known,
however, as the "Stewed Prunes."

Jan. 9. Knowles still shows a disposition to
visit Raynham.

Jan. 18. Cadet Social. Many turn out to a
grand time. "Moonlights."

Jan. 20. Shedd acquires a "busted" rib in
basket ball.

Jan. 25. Exams!!!

Jan. 26. Exams!!!

Jan. 27. Exams!!!

Feb. 2. Relief! Exams. over.

Feb. 5. Taunton wins at basket-ball, 30-13.

Feb. 7. Manter smiles.

Feb. 10. Drill. Watters present and account-
ed for.

Feb. 13. We have a heavy reenforcement
this term in the shape of Pelick '06

Feb. 20. "Aggie" has a change of heart.

Feb. 22. Cadet Social.

Feb. 25. The "Sigma Phi" holds a meeting.
Fancy crackers and lemonade
are passed around, while "hot air"
is on constant tap. The business
of the meeting is put off till a
later date.

Mar. 1. Brown '09 passes from Solid Geom.
to Physics class in a single stride.
For proficiency in pedal performing
apply at his office, "In a Gondola"

Steamship Line Brunensis, Pier
147, the Herring Weirs.

Mar. 2. Metcalf cleans house; finds a pencil
lost Oct. 1.

Mar. 3. Miss Farnsworth recites in Algebra.

Mar. 4. Miss Hawley is sure that she dis-
covers the teacher in a mistake.

Mar. 5. O'Neil '10 begins a course in Cal-
isthenics.

Mar. 6. Bernice Lincoln makes herself heard
in Latin.

Mar. 7. Just out! "Little Journeys to the
Desks of Delinquent Declaimers".
Autograph copy, edition-de-luxe,
privately published without
advertisement. Dedicated to Har-
old Lawrence Bliss. Illustrated
by F. E. Smith '09.

Mar. 11. Cadets form a battalion. More
honors for "Bobby."

Mar. 12. Burns receives seventy-five calls
for "novel" illustrations.

Mar. 13. Burns signs a contract to illustrate
for Harrington only.

Mar. 15. Clapp '10 calls at the Weir.

Mar. 18. Manter smiles!

Mar. 21. H. Bliss's theme on time! Greatest
sensation since Sept. 25, 1904,
when another "Bliss" production
appeared promptly. Shock
causes illness of English Teacher.

Mar. 22. English Teacher's chance of re-
covery very slight.

Mar. 25. Decided scarcity of gold braid in
market. Supply exhausted by
H. S. Battalion.

Mar. 26. F. E. Smith present.

Mar. 27. F. E. Smith present.

Mar. 28. Haslam misspells a word. A. White
likewise.

Mar. 29. English Teacher finally on road to
recovery.

Apr. 1. Gooch absent to patronize a barber
shop.

Apr. 2. Gooch present. *Notice the Shave?*

Apr. 3. Nichols writes half a page legibly.

Apr. 4. Chase 'og advertises to tutor students in Plane Geometry.

Apr. 5. Girls' Stylus out! Miss Holman and Miss Crapo are exhausted in their endeavor to make it the best of the season.

Apr. 6. The "Stewed Prunes" hold a "gas" meeting. No business before the house.

Apr. 8. Brown 'og loses the "belt". L. Kearns reaches the street at the close of school before he is requested to remain.

Apr. 10. Harold Bliss declaims! All except Miss Lincoln thought he had left school.

Apr. 12. Big Spring Prize Drill. Glory goes to Gillon, Townsend and Harrington.

Apr. 15. Bobby visits Providence to secure a band. Bulk of time spent visiting and at the theatre. On his return he hands his bill to the Cadet Treasurer.

Apr. 16. F. E. Smith and Lawrence and H. Bliss and Toomey and Christie, all present.

Apr. 17. Davol arrives at 8 A. M.

Apr. 18. Manter smiles.

Apr. 19. Miner and Raymond Walker make a hit at the Scenic with their new ballad entitled, "Mother, Mother, turn the hose on me!"

Apr. 20. Flynn miraculously recovers from a severe attack of malaria in time to attend the ball game.

Apr. 22. Miss Gardiner remains after school. Mr. Guess Who remains also.

Apr. 23. Harrington's long advertised story is out! School temporarily shuts down. Ten thousand copies sold in one day. Publishers can't supply the demand.

Apr. 24. J. Dunn translates in French in spite of absence of his neighbors, Burt and Davol. Dunn translates, under these conditions, annually every four years.

Apr. 25. Knowles stays after school. Miss Guess Who stays also.

Apr. 26. Stylus again! "Washington, D. C.," the "farciful tragedy" in this number. A howling success.

Apr. 29. Taunton High wins at baseball.

Apr. 30. Field joins the Cadets and begins practising for the Junior medal.

May 1. Hunter and McAusland join the Grange. They are arranging to become joint-editors of the society column of "Suburban Life."

May 2. Shedd fails to come around after Cadet money. First time this year.

May 6. Ives and Tripp stranded on a rock in Taunton River.

May 7. Ives and Tripp late to school.

May 8. County Street "Giants" defeated by Dightons.

May 9. Dorgan recites in College English. Hats off to Dorgan!

May 10. Mackenzie hunts deer in the Neck-o'-Land woods; when he is deep in the forest he remembers having left his gun on the mantelpiece.

May 11. 3 p. m. "Sigma Phi" holds a business meeting. 3:01 p. m. Business laid on table for afternoon.

May 14. C. Bassett stops to think. School again temporarily shuts down.

May 15. School resumed.

May 16. Taunton is "trimmed" at Attleboro on account of poor base running and "dub" playing.

May 17. Junior Prize Drill. Hodgman wins the cup. Tuttle wins a medal.

May 18. Tuttle wins a medal.

May 19. Corner on metal.

May 20. Tuttle is measured for a new hat.

May 21. Senior honors announced. Brainiest class for years. Hurrah for 'Naughty Seven.'

May 22. Senior zeros profuse.

May 23. White swears off going fussing.

May 24. White is seen driving up Broadway.

May 25. Clapp'10 walks down Weir Street.
All he had with him was a Nichol.

May 27. Watters receives his ninety-ninth telegram by actual count.

May 28. J. Paull takes his first Taunton River swim. Ill for two weeks.

May 29 L. Kearns for five long hours fails to make his appearance on the platform.

May 30. The "Sigma Phi" has a house party. in North Taunton. Several Senior "messieurs" attend and all agree that, though they are not partial to "Stewed Prunes", "Sigma Phi" is all right!

May 31. Seniors arrange class-dance, Misses Holman and Presbrey, Messrs. Bassett and Smith, committee.

June 1. Miss Holman wishes to sell tickets for the class-dance. *Please buy one.*

June 2. Quigley appears in lengthened apparel.

June 4. Miss Holman announces that she has tickets to sell for the class-dance.

June 5. Ball-team wins.

June 6. Miss Holman: "Be sure to get a ticket to the class-dance. Never mind where, but get one."

June 7. Many zeros and absences among Seniors. Class dance tonight.

June 8. "Sigma Phi" breaks up for season. The business laid on the table in October will be brought up next year when the "frat" reorganizes.

June 10. Schools attend the last rites of C. Bassett's tan boots. No flowers.

June 11. Burt '09 breaks his contract with the Dighton Americans and retires to his farm to pick strawberries.

June 12. Taunton defeated at baseball.

June 13. Henry spends the morning at Walker's selecting socks. He confides that becoming shades are hard to get. Roberts suggests crushed strawberry, orange phosphate.

June 14. Reports. They are not received graciously by the parents of the Seniors.

June 15. Taunton defeated at base-ball.

June 17. C. Bassett at school. He recites in Geometry only.

June 18. Hodgman is working on his essay.

June 19. Harrington retires to drawing room.

June 20. Great excitement among Freshies. One of their number, Herbert Metcalf in a terrible auto wreck in Brockton. Thrown 12 ft. in the air; a finger dangerously scratched.

June 21. Hodgman busy on his essay.

June 22. Taunton defeated at base-ball. The next game will be a funeral.

June 24. Baccalaureate Sunday. All Seniors attend services. "How often, Oh, how often!"

June 24. Graduation Day. "Bobby" Haslam recalls that he has an engagement for the morning but forgets where.

June 25. For Freshies, Sophs, Juniors, -Exams!

26 & 27. —! "Seniors in the wide, wide world."

July 1. Off to Camp!
Honey boys! we hate to see you leaving,
Honey boys, you know our hearts are grieving,
When you are marching, marching o'er the fields,
Honey boys, honey boys,
And if you should have a feeling,
To come back to dear old Taunton stealing,
Honey dears, dry your tears,
We'll be watching, watching,
Watching for you, Honey boys.

—F. Woodbury Willis.



DAVID G. MILLER, Principal

THE HEROISM OF "SOAP."

THE encampment had been unusually quiet for nearly a month and, although the officers had been expecting an attack daily, the men in the ranks were growing restless. Perhaps none were more so than Private Fred Sampson, better known among the troops as "Soap." He had enlisted about three months back and had left his home and companions for the Philippines to fight the Malos. Being of an adventurous spirit, he disliked the monotonous routine of the camp, and constantly hoped for some excitement in the shape of an encounter with the natives.

Matters went on this way for some time, when early one morning the sharp notes of the bugle brought the soldiers from their blankets. "Soap" grasped his gun and hurried from the tent in eager expectation of a skirmish, but no excitement awaited him; the bugle meant only a practise call to arms. Back to his bunk he went and soon was drifting into dreamland, with imaginary battles flitting through his brain.

Suddenly he heard a low, prolonged howl, weird and unnatural, unlike any sound that the guard could make. Rising on his hands and knees, he picked his way over the prostrate forms of his slumbering companions to the tent-flap and peered out. It was pitch dark, and, although he looked sharply all around him, he could see nothing. He was about to draw in his head when, to his horror, he was suddenly seized by the throat; he felt himself being choked into insensibility. His head began to swim, and then everything was blank.

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself lying on the ground in a little glen, bound hand and foot. Soon, however, he was approached by a swarthy native, who gave him a prod with the spear he carried, as a warning for silence. "Soap" suddenly remembered the choking. "So," thought he, "I have been

captured by these Malos." Somehow he hardly seemed to care, and lay wondering what was to be done with him. As if to relieve his ponderings, two of the brutes came over to him, picked him up, and carried him some distance through the forest to a clearing, where a large band of the natives were assembled. In the centre of the group, on a rudely constructed throne, sat a dark skinned chieftain dressed in a costume of straw and brass ornaments. After some jabbering between this savage of authority and the assembled barbarians, "Soap" was dragged to a large tree and firmly bound upright against it. Then seven or eight of the natives stalked off some distance, and drawing spears from a large bundle, stood facing the captive with the spears poised over their heads. A thrill of horror ran over "Soap", for he realized that he was about to be murdered. He resolved, however, to show no signs of fear to the inhuman wretches. "I'll die like a hero anyway, even if I did not live like one," thought "Soap," as he calmly closed his eyes and stood waiting for the end. Weapons began to whiz through the air; the barbarians let out an unearthly yell, and a sharp pain bored into "Soap's" shoulder. At the same time some one shouted, "Wake up."

"Soap" opened his eyes and to his astonishment, and not a little to his relief, he was looking up into the face of a tent-mate who was thrusting a pin into the spot where the supposed spear had pierced. "Soap" sleepily rubbed his eyes.

"That's a pin, is it, that's causing all this torture. Well, I feel better now I know it isn't a spear and that I'm not breathing my last breath, but still I'd just as soon you'd stop applying it."

That day "Soap" went through the routine with his ardor for excitement slightly dampened.

CADETS.

TWO weeks more and the twenty-first year of the Cadets will be at an end.

On the first Thursday of the school year the cadets met for the election of officers and the work of recruiting was at once begun. Although we were left with a very small company to start with, we succeeded in enrolling thirty-two recruits, the second largest number ever added. A few of the older members dropped out, but we still had the largest company in the history of the cadets.

After the company was organized, social events followed rapidly and all were successful. At the Thanksgiving Social one hundred dollars was cleared and the Prize Drills contributed a large amount to our treasury, in spite of the fact that the usual "Cadet Weather" did not prevail and that the May Drill is generally a losing affair financially.

The company this year has earned more than any other company, but it has had very heavy expenses. One item which has cost a great deal is belts and buckles that are "lost". This lack of belts causes serious inconvenience, especially at the time of prize drills and street parades. Almost every high school girl has one of these "lost" buckles before she is a Junior, and the practice of wearing these "lost" buckles has now spread even to boys who never were cadets. In a city outside of Boston anyone who wears a cadet buckle, unless a member of the cadets is called upon to answer such questions as, "Where was the buckle obtained?" or "Who gave it?" A few answers to these questions by some Taunton High students would prove very interesting. Unless this practice is immediately stopped, the only remedy at present in sight is to compel each cadet to buy his own belt and buckle. It seems hard to be obliged to take this measure as it would

undoubtedly decrease the membership, but some such plan is necessary.

A new order of procedure has been instituted by the Adjutant General. Hereafter the cadets must drill at all socials. For a number of years this has been the custom of our neighboring cadet companies, who hold drills and dances called "Efficiency Drills." Now Taunton follows in their footsteps.

It is a satisfaction to go on record as the largest company in the history of the cadets; one successful from a social, financial and military point of view. But we realize that much of our prosperity has depended on our friends, and to them we wish to express our sincere gratitude. We thank all, including scholars and alumni, who have in any way aided us. Colby's Clothing house for kindly lending us flags and bunting and the Glenwood for chairs, plates, tables, etc., have our special appreciation.—R. H.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

We know what we are, but know not what
what we may be.—*Senior Class.*

Alone I did it.—*Hodgman.*

He, by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by lines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.—*Mackenzie.*

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."—*Christie.*
I dote on his very absence.—*Miss Wetherell.*

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
—*C. Bassett.*



Lieut. George A. Brag
Capt. Wm. R. Hinsman, Jr.

Major Robert F. Knobell

Lieut. Harry W. Surdar

Lieut. Howard H. Knobell

SPECIMEN QUESTIONS

FROM RECENT TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL EXAMINATION PAPERS.

TIME: (TO BURN)

NOTE. *Those who pass will be excluded from further courses in this school. Members of the semi-chorus need answer only twenty-three.*

1. Solve: If \$.05 is paid at the hospital luncheon for a sandwich containing $\frac{1}{10}$ of the right wing of a chicken, find the value of the whole bird.
2. Give the Greek for Stewed Prunes.
3. Which is the more pathetic, the dramatic verse of Pelik or the prose narrative of Leland Wood?
4. Comment at length on the money value of Frank Smith's artistic productions; contrast briefly with those of Joseph Burns.
5. Suggest methods for convicting reference-book thieves.
6. In which historian is greater reliance to be placed, "Pat" Harrington or "Stew" Tuttle?
7. If it takes Dorgan 1 hr. and 55 m. to decide to get up in the morning, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a second to swallow his breakfast, 50 minutes to arrange his cap at the proper tilt, ten minutes to polish his smile, five minutes to round High Street corner and three seconds to take the elevator to the second floor of the High School, compute the time remaining for recitation.*
8. Characterize American wit and humor as displayed in the age of the "Stylus."
9. State reasons (two, if possible) why Hunter changed his seat in the study room.
10. Translate into English:
The persona qui recipit checkos et reportat them est angelus. Presenta him tres more.
11. Show that, when a piece of Hogan's fresh cake hits the president at the Senior class meeting, the angle of incidence equals the angle of reflection.
12. Contrast Alfred White's views concerning girls with those of Howard Briggs.
13. Translate Brockton's account of the Keith Cup Contest and quote ten lines from Burns and Kearns' collection of foot-ball songs.

*Dorgan excused at 11.30 on account of weariness (of school).

ATHLETICS.



NINETEEN hundred and six and seven has been a most successful year as regards athletics for the Taunton High School. Crack teams in foot ball, basket ball and base ball have represented the school and they have been well supported by members of the school. In ensuing years let the teams be still better worthy representatives of the school on gridiron, gymnasium and diamond.

FOOTBALL.

The football team of 1906 will be recorded as the best which has ever represented the school. The team won eleven games and lost two. Not once was it defeated by a high school team. The two defeats were administered by the crack Bridgewater Normal eleven and the Alumni team, composed of some of the players of the high school teams of preceding seasons.

The hardest fought battle was with its great rival Brockton, over the Keith Cup. Taunton had already won two games in the cup series, and by winning the third, holds the cup as permanent property.

In five out of the eleven victories Taunton's goal line was not crossed. Her two defeats were very light, but many of those which she dealt her opponents were most crushing. Below is the season's record:

Taunton	35	Boston Univ. Law	0
"		Whitman forfeited to Taunton	
"	11	Brown Univ. '09.	5
"	6	Pawtucket High	5
"	0	Bridgewater Normal	6
"	40	New Bedford High	0
"	10	Classical High, Prov.,	0
"	11	Bryant & Stratton	2

Taunton	46	Dorchester High	10
"	10	New Bedford High	0
"	11	Kimos of Mansfield	6
"	6	Brockton High	0
"	0	T. H. S. Alumni.	5
T. H. S.	186	Opponents	39

BASKETBALL.

This year's basket ball team was not far behind the foot ball team in upholding the glory of the T. H. S. with the record of thirteen games won and seven lost. This good work was largely the result of the coaching of Reynolds, Brown '17, who coached the ball team in 1906.

The record of the team follows:

Taunton	71	Hope St. High, Prov.	19
"	17	Thayer Academy	7
"	27	Oliver Ames High, N. E.	25
"	13	Bridgewater Normal	30
"	10	Whitman High	8
"	29	Pawtucket High	26
"	11	Abington High	26
"	63	Abington High	6
"	16	Rogers High, Newport	14
"	99	Y. M. C. A. Ind.	34
"	39	Foxboro High	31
"	28	Moses Brown, Prov.,	18
"	21	Prov. English High	5
"	73	Whitman High	22
"	9	Pawtucket High	42
"	14	Prov. English High	22
"	8	Oliver Ames, No. Easton	44

Goals thrown by:

Nightingale 80, Watters 75, Bliss 59, E. Smith 40, Nichols 9, Henry 6, Willis 3, Bassett 2, Shedd 2.



MASSEY, D. L. TAYLOR, Coach. KERRIS, C. L. WATERS, Manager. GRIEVE, P.
GRIEVE, C. L. BURNS, Al. SMITH, A. S. GRIEVE, H.
HORNIGRASS, G. L. THOMAS, C. (Cap.) HASSINS, J.

FIELD DAY.

May 18, Taunton High School held its sixth annual field day. The weather was all that could be desired and there was a good crowd in attendance. In many of the events the contestants were evenly matched and the results were close, but no high school records were broken. First honors were awarded to Dunn, second to Tuttle, and third to Hayman. There were no entries for the separate classes this year.

Besides the high school events there were a number of grammar school events which were closely contested. Hastings of the Cohannet Grammar School was awarded first honors. A ball game between Taunton and N. Easton followed the events. N. Easton was defeated in an uninteresting game by a score of 5 to 4.

	r	h	po	a	e
Taunton:					
Smith, ss.	1	1	1	0	2
Gillon, 3b.	1	1	4	1	0
Bethiaume, 3b.	2	3	2	4	0
Garvin, 1b.	1	1	7	3	2
Kearns, c.f.	0	1	0	0	0
Haskins, l.f.	0	1	3	0	0
Dunn, c.	0	0	6	0	1
Powers, c., r.f.	0	0	3	0	0
Burns, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Corr, p.	0	0	1	2	0
Total,	5	8	27	10	5
North Easton:					
Canaan, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Spillane, c.	1	0	8	4	1
Robinson, l.f.	1	0	1	0	0
Baldwin, 1b.	1	1	8	1	0
Pratt, 3b.	1	1	3	3	0
Keith, c.f.	0	1	0	0	0
Lincoln, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Harlow, 2b.	0	0	3	0	0
Burke, ss.	1	0	1	0	0
Total,	4	3	24	9	1

Two base hits, Gillon, Baldwin, Pratt. Hit by pitcher, by Corr, Pratt; by Canaan Dunn, Kearns. Base on balls, by Corr, 1, by Canaan 5. Struck out, by Corr 6, by Canaan 5; Passed balls, Dunn, Spillane. Umpire, Dening.

BASE BALL.

Taunton 7, East Greenwich 3. Taunton won from East Greenwich for the second time, at the Fair Grounds, May 30. Taunton did not have its regular team, five of the players being used out of their regular positions. After the first two innings the pitching of Townshend was a feature. Another feature was the fielding and batting of Taunton.

The Score:

	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Taunton:					
Dunn, c.	2	2	11	3	0
Gillon, p.	1	1	1	5	0
Smith, ss.	1	2	3	■	0
Garvin, 1b.	0	2	10	1	0
Corr, c.f.	0	0	1	0	1
Powers, l.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Haskins, 2b.	0	1	2	1	0
Nightingale, 3b.	1	2	0	0	0
E. Kearns, r.f.	2	1	0	0	0
Total	7	11	27	12	1
E. Greenwich:					
Townshend, p.	1	1	2	7	0
Briggs, 1b.	1	2	10	0	0
Spencer, l.f.	0	0	2	0	0
Noyes, c.f.	1	1	0	■	0
Cochrane, r.f.	0	1	0	1	0
Reardon, ss.	0	2	0	1	0
Rich, 2b.	0	0	2	0	1
Myers, 3b.	0	0	2	2	0
Corr, c.	0	0	6	0	1
Total	3	7	24	11	2
Home run, Smith; 2 base hit, Gillon; struck out by Gillon 11, Townshend 5; Bases on balls					

off Gillon 3, Townshend 1; Wild pitches Gillon, Townshend; Double play, Smith, Garvin, Dunn. Passed ball, Dunn, Corr 5.

Taunton 2, Fairhaven 1.

June 1, Taunton defeated Fairhaven in an interesting game. Both teams fielded well and Corr held his opponents down to 3 hits and fanned 14.

Taunton:

	r	h	po	a	e
Dunn, c.	1	1	14	0	0
Gillon, 3b.	0	1	1	1	0
Smith, ss.	1	1	3	1	0
Garvin, 1b.	0	0	8	1	0
Kearns, c.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Corr, p.	0	0	0	3	1
Powers, r.f.	1	0	0	0	0
Haskins, l.f.	0	1	1	0	0
Nightingale, 2b.	0	1	0	3	0
Mansfield, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	2	5	27	9	1

Fairhaven:

	r	h	po	a	e
Gifford	0	0	2	3	0
Hiller	1	2	2	1	1
Leonard	0	0	7	1	0
Newton	0	0	0	2	0
Hamilton	0	0	0	1	1
Goodman	0	0	1	0	0
Campbell	0	0	0	0	0
Gillingham	0	1	5	3	0
Swift	0	0	1	1	0
Total,	1	3	24	12	2

Taunton, 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 = 2
Fairhaven, 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 = 1

Stolen bases, Dunn 2, Gillon 1, Kearns 2, Powers 1; struck out by Corr 14, by Gifford 6. Bases on balls by Corr 3, by Gifford 1. Passed balls Dunn, Hamilton 3. Wild pitches Corr, Gifford.

Umpire, Grundy.

La Salle 9, Taunton 7.

In a game replete with ragged fielding and poor batting, Taunton was defeated by La Salle Academy, June 10. Gillon pitched a fair game, fanning 13 and passing 6. Haskins in left field played best for Taunton, accepting three chances.

The Score:

Taunton:	r	bh	po	a	e
Dunn, c.	1	1	12	4	1
Gillon, p.	2	0	1	1	0
Berthiaume, 2b.	1	0	0	1	0
Garvin, 1b.	1	1	5	1	2
Smith, ss.	1	2	4	1	2
Haskins, l.f.	0	0	3	0	0
Burns, 3b.	0	0	0	1	3
Kearns, c.f.	1	0	1	0	1
Nightingale, r.f.	0	0	1	0	2
Mansfield, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	7	4	27	9	11

La Salle:	r	bh	po	a	e
Trask, l.f.	0	2	0	0	0
Brown, 3b., ss.	0	0	2	3	2
Campbell,	0	0	1	0	1
J. Mowry, c.f., p.	1	0	1	1	1
Conway, 1b.	2	0	11	0	0
F. Mowry, 2b.	1	0	2	1	0
Powers, c.	2	1	6	3	2
Holland, 3b., ss.	3	1	3	2	1
Milot, p.	0	0	1	2	0
Total,	9	4	27	12	7

Stolen bases, Brown, J. Mowry, Conway, Holland, Powers, Dunn, Gillon 2, Berthiaume, Garvin 2, Smith, Burns, Kearns 2. Bases on balls off Milot 5, J. Mowry 1, Gillon 6. Struck out by Milot 4, J. Mowry 4, Gillon 13; wild pitches Milot 2; passed balls, Powers 8, Dunn.

Umpire, Grundy.

Bryant & Stratton 9, Taunton 0.

The Taunton High team forfeited the game played at Davis Park, Providence, June 12.

The game was marred by the repeated unfair decisions of the umpire. The Taunton team left the field in the seventh inning after a ball that was unmistakably fair had been called foul. Both the pitchers pitched good games.

The Score:

Taunton:	r	h	po	a	e
Dunn, c.	0	0	8	1	0
Gillon, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Berthiaume, 2b.	0	0	0	1	0
Garvin, 1b.	0	0	6	0	0
Smith, ss.	0	0	1	0	0
Kearns, c.f.	0	0	2	0	1
Haskins, l.f.	0	1	0	0	0
Gooch, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Burns, 3b.	0	0	1	0	1
Total,	0	1	18	6	2
Bryant & Stratton:	r	h	po	a	e
Walker, l.f.	0	1	0	0	0
Dyer, 2b.	0	0	4	1	0
McDonald, 1b.	1	0	5	0	0
Bowen, c.	0	1	7	2	0
McCaffrey, ss.	0	0	2	2	0
Cotter, c.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Corr, r.f.	0	0	1	0	0
Ogu, 3b.	0	0	1	1	0
Hermann, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Total,	1	2	21	6	0

Stolen bases, Bryant & Stratton, 5; Taunton, 2. Sacrifice hits, Bryant & Stratton 2. Bases on balls, off Hermann 6; Gillon 2. Hit by pitcher, Gillon, Berthiaume, Haskins. Struck out, by Hermann 7; by Gillon 8. Umpire Nolan.

New Bedford 3, Taunton 2.

Taunton High kept up its losing streak and dropped a game to New Bedford June 15. New Bedford scored three runs in the first inning on an error, a man hit with pitched ball

and a home run. After the first inning Taunton kept New Bedford from scoring and tallied twice. The feature of the game was the work of Nightingale in the field.

Taunton:	r	h	po	a	e
Dunn, c.	1	1	13	2	1
Gillon, p.	0	1	0	0	0
Berthiaume, 2b.	1	1	2	2	1
Garvin, 1b.	0	1	7	0	0
Smith, ss.	0	1	2	2	0
Haskins, l.f.	0	0	1	0	0
Burns, 3b.	0	0	0	0	1
Gooch, r.f.	0	1	0	0	0
Mansfield, c.f.	0	0	0	0	1
Nightingale,	0	0	2	0	0
Total,	2	6	27	6	4
New Bedford:	r	h	po	a	e
Dean, 1b.	1	0	19	0	0
Crowley, c.	1	0	5	3	0
Taber, 3b.	0	0	1	4	0
F. Barrows.	1	2	1	1	0
Gurney, c.f.	0	1	2	1	0
Negus, r.f.	0	0	0	0	1
Ennis, ss.	0	0	1	3	0
A. Barrows, 2b.	0	1	0	2	1
Glennon, l.f.	0	0	2	0	0
Total,	3	4	27	14	2

Home run, F. Barrows. Struck out, by Gillon, 10; by Barrows, 5. Bases on balls off Gillon 2; Barrows 1. Double plays, Taber to Dean 2. Passed balls Crowley 3. Hit by pitcher, Gillon, Crowley. Umpire Grundy.

With the assistance of an experienced coach and the good material in the team, a nine has been put forth which has not been equalled in the history of the school. Next year the prospects for a good team are bright since there will be several of this year's team still in school.

CLASS PROPHECY.

COME, follow me, and together we'll tear aside the veil of time and speed on hand in hand to see visions of the future years," whispered a soft fairy like voice into the ears of the Class Prophecy Committee. Eager to obey the will of this sweet voice, we fastened on the seven-league-boots offered to us, and departed.

"Speak not or thou willst break the spell—remember one little word will cause to disappear forever the scenes which thou art about to witness," continued the voice.

In silence we traveled across country until we came to the famous M. Wood Institute for feeble-minded children.

"Do-me-sol-do, not do-me-re-do,"—shouted a loud voice, and glancing down we beheld Monsieur Shedd, the greatest music teacher in the world, pounding with all his might at some notes on the board, while between rests he stuffed his ears vigorously with cotton, to keep out the melodious cat-like voices of the kindergarteners.

Our steps were arrested by the sound of a familiar voice calling, "Hips firm, neck firm, gently, toes forward,—Oh! very good young ladies." Peeking in through the key-hole we beheld Professor Charles Bassett, teacher of physical torture, busily engaged in showing a class of young ladies how to walk gracefully.

We turned down the corridor until we came to the department of our over studied maidens. Immediately we recognized one group as our former class-mates, Miss Johnson, Miss Nelmes and Miss Wetherell (still talking). "Er—girls did you know that Howard Bassett and his sister are running a hennery and a roostery in Squaw Betty, and that Ellen Brady, Helen Lane and Helen Wood are teaching the district school? Right beside the school is the Collins Creamery, managed by Leonard with Walker as assistant. And—er—Oh Earle—er—er—"

We left her still talking and strode on to New York. In Fifth Avenue we noticed a sign Mile. Casely—Marcelle Waver—50c per head. Inside waiting their turns were our old friends, the heavenly twins and Rose Smith. Hurrying on we arrived at the N. Y. Scenic, managed by Nichols. Rufus Wood took our money while Chandler Hall, New York's largest policeman, escorted us within. Our ears were startled by the melodious discord entitled, "Ain't you coming back to old New Hampshire, Lilly," rendered by the Misses Jones and Abbott, accompanied by Monsieur Totten with the mandolin and Mr. Hart with the bugle. By special permission of the manager, the woman suffragist, Miss Lyla Crapo, gave a five minute lecture on "Her faith in Morrell." The next act was a short duet declamation by Miss Hartshorn and Miss Godfrey entitled, "The Painkiller." This was followed by Miss McDonald and her trained Lyons. With reluctance we finally passed on to the "little church around the corner." Heart rending music poured forth and we stepped in to find ourselves in the midst of a large double wedding in which the principal actors were Miss Danger Signal and Mr. You Know, Miss Lincoln and Mr. Guess Who. These were united in marriage by our famous class-mate the Rev. Ralph Christie. Miss Marion Peck presided at the organ and played the familiar strains of "I think it must be love."

We were loath to leave, but our fairy guide hurried us on and led us to the Capitol at Washington. A loud voice attracted our attention. "Now, say, what yer giving us? This society is my doing—cut that out, do yer hear? I'm doing this," continued Congressman Gillon in his loud voice to Senator Robert Haslam. They were busily engaged in a heart-to-heart scrap over the presidency of the new



N.Y. - M. & M. - May 1913
M. & M. - May 1913
M. & M. - May 1913
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club called the "Cerebro Protuberance" (literally swell heads). Nearby stood Quigley, the great wonder of the world, holding a tape about to measure the cranial circumference of these two honorable men.

We then asked our guide if we might not visit the Taunton High School, our Alma Mater. She nodded "yes" but informed us that it was old and disappointing. We tightened the straps of our seven-league-boots and were off.

On the rickety reference table we found a letter and newspaper yellow with age. The letter ran as follows;

MY DEAR ALICE:—

You have been away so long from Taunton, I'm sure you would like to know some T. H. S. gossip. Of course you know Floss Busiere tried to elope in her father's auto but was stopped at the first lamp post by Policeman McCormick. You and I are the only surviving members of our Bachelor-Maids Club, for Letty Chase, Grace Warner and Louise Noyes are all married. I believe Louise still lives in Whittenton though. Josephine Smith and Mildred Macomber are missionaries to the Cannibal Isles, and Edna Harnden is still writing poetry. Did you know that Mabel Anthony and Hazel Leonard own the swellest candy shop in town on 23 Toomey Ave. Willis Hodgman is civil Engineer in a Beer(s) factory, and Lawrence Davol has rented one of Burt's offices on Alger Street. Nora Callahan, who always engaged a prominent position, is leader of the Salvation Army. At the High School Miss Claffy teaches the art of whispering and Miss Hogan the advantage of being brainy. Now I must go and write an essay for the club.

Sincerely yours,
Ruth Buffington.

We next looked at the newspaper. The following are some of the locals:

Dr. Thornley was hastily summoned last night to the home of Mr. Alfred White, Agent of the Wilkes telephone, who was run over by an electric in charge of Conductor Thomas Dunn.

Jimmie Dunn, the famous catcher, has cancelled his contract for the season on account of rheumatism.

Fisher, the electrical genius, is home from Mars on a short vacation.

Yesterday Nellie Porter, J. J. Smith and Francis Conaty started as missionaries to Honolulu.

On turning over the page we saw in dashing headlines:

"Miss Agnes Presbrey the cause of a duel!" Before we finished this article we were startled by a rumble which proved to be only the familiar voice of one of our T. H. S. teachers crying, "Three checks apiece for inattention." We looked up to find that our fairy guide had vanished and we were again veiled to future visions.

—Nora Lyla Dudley.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

F. R. S. and LL. D.,
Can only spring from A B C.—Quigley.

"Jour de ma vie"—June 24.

I know what I know.—Quigley.

Her laugh was a ready chorus.—Miss Callahan.
Although our last, not least.—Miss Wood.

Oh, I smell false Latin.—Miss Casely.

The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
*No one in this class.

My man's as true as steel.—Miss Crapo.

FROM A DIARY.

THE other day while mousing around among some old papers of my high school and college days I ran across an old board-covered copy-book labeled "Diary, Feb. 1st, 1907—Feb. 1st, 1908." I had entirely forgotten this old book, the perusal of which caused many a smile over the "times" we used to have in the old T. H. S.

Feb. 2.—New half began to-day. Scholars were happy as they had a chance to "boost" their last half's work by beginning with a clean slate. Pretty quiet in school. In afternoon went down to drill and from there to the Library with Shedd, "Caruso" and Haslam. Haslam met a girl who goes to the Normal School and shook us. He's happy anyway. After supper went to Y. M. C. A. and saw Waters get trimmed by "Pat" Harrington.

Feb. 15.—Cadets have a social Washington's Birthday. Ought to have a good time as there are lots of college fellows home. I think I'll go "stag". Its pretty hard work to find a girl. Some of the fellows around here make me weary. They take a girl to the first Social and after the dance on the way home, ask her to "go with me" to the socials and drills the rest of the year. It isn't right. These "puppy loves" only last about two months before both would like to call it off, but feel as if they must live up to the contract.

Feb. 18.—An off day in school. Monday generally is. Got five checks for starting a "rough house." Came in at end of 3rd Period and found "Duke" Thornley and "Beefer" White keeping the platform in place. 4th Period Miss Presbrey was requested to take her accustomed place in the "left foreground." In the afternoon went calling on about ten girls trying to get some dances for the social. I got six out of a possible and did well at that. One told me she never engaged any ahead, another said hers

were all taken last Christmas sometime. The last place I went I was told that she was mad with me because I wouldn't tell her what the "knocks" were in the next Stylus. Gee! they're a frivolous lot.

Feb. 22.—Went to the social last night. Had a pretty fair time only I got "stung" on both "moonlights". I sat up in the balcony and watched. If people could only get off about six feet from themselves and see how they act sometimes they'd "cut the comedy". Feel too tired to write any more.

Mar. 15.—Great doings to-day up to school. 2nd Recess they had a Senior Class meeting to decide on an entertainment of some sort. One of the girls wanted a play and was telling how it ought to be put on when someone hit her with a piece of cake. Mamie Noyes wanted to take us to Washington. Some of the fellows got disgusted and suggested that they go somewhere in a hack. They'll probably wind up by having a cake and candy sale in the Glenwood some afternoon.

Apr. 2.—Declamations in school to-day. Shedd got up and told his experience at the telephone. Everybody laughed but him. Guess he was scared. Gracie Warner told us a pathetic story of suffering in an ale-house which turned out afterwards to be an alms-house. "Beefer" White got up, gave us a broad smile and sat down.

In the afternoon I played for a rehearsal of the Grand March for the April Drill. It was called for 4:30. The Major was the first to show up at ten minutes after five. The rest got around before half past. The march is a beautiful thing, resembling a game of "Ring around the Rosie" as closely as anything I ever saw. "Caruso" and "Beefer" and "Shank" Dunn sat up in the balcony cheering them on. The young men are supposed to give the young

ladies their arm. The fellows jab their hands in their pockets and let the girls hang on as best they can. One who has never seen it cannot realize how knightly it is. It certainly illustrates the saying that you can't expect something from nothing. I am going "stag" this time for the same old reason. This is getting to be highly monotonous.

Apr. 13.—Went to the drill last night and had a good time. Potter and I watched the Grand March from the bleachers. Every time any one went by we knew we'd clear our throats and look at the ceiling.

May Day.—After supper the fellows got together and celebrated. A whole tribe went up Cedar Street, and hung baskets of mud to some of the girls. The star performance took place on Harrison Avenue.

May 23.—Things are pretty quiet in school now. This afternoon I went over to see Shedy. He told me about a house party that is going to be held up to North Taunton in about a week. Girls in the Senior "Fraternity" are in it. I wonder why they call it a fraternity. There can't be much brotherly love lost in it. I learned I was to go as a sort of chaperon to the other fellows. I guess it won't interfere with my other duties enough to be noticed.

May 31.—Just got home from the house party. Had a great time. Pinny Bliss and Abby Pierce and I went up together. Got there about half past two. Shedy and Windy Bassett went out about nine in the morning. Free Lunch. It had an Alumni banquet beaten by a mile. We started home about ten o'clock "tired but happy". The Senior Class "Ball" comes off to-morrow night in Odd Fellows Hall. This afternoon I went down to see how the place was looking. The committee was out in full force tiring themselves to death by sitting down. About four, two of the fellows went out and borrowed some bunting around the neighborhood. If they work all night tonight

it ought to look pretty fair tomorrow. Hope it won't rain, for if it does I see where the hat is passed. The patronesses' corner was especially "fetching". It resembled a side-show on a windy day. Some wanted the curtain on the stage up and some wanted it down. They compromised by hanging it 'alf and alf.' It puts you in mind of "Gates ajar."

June 7.—Hurrah! Hurrah! The class made money. On counting up they found they cleared \$1.38 What's the matter with '07? WE'RE all right. Who's all right? '07. Yes, I went to the dance and had a "d-e-delightful" time. One of the electricians on the committee had charge of the moonlight effects. It reminded me of the storm in 'As Ye Sow'. After the ball he came up to me and asked me "How I liked the cloud effect?"

June 23.—Graduation tomorrow. Like every class that has preceded us, we think we have made the biggest dent in the history of the school.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

As merry as the day is long.—*Miss Crapo.*

All hell broke loose.—*Senior Class Meeting.*

At my fingers' ends—*Miss Gardiner.*

Work—work—work,
My labor never flags.—*Totten.*

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
—1907 *Soph. year.*

For what is worth in anything
But so much money as 'twill bring?—*Haslam.*

On their own merits modest men are dumb.
—*J. J. Smith.*

You have a nimble wit.—*Davol.*

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.—*H. Bassett.*

Not The Laurel But The Race.

Just a word with you, undergraduates, before the class of 1907 leaves the High School. Some of you who have been working for the valedictory, and for the other honors at graduation felt great disappointment when our school committee declared that the valedictory was to be abandoned. But haven't you students, who mourned the most over this change, false ideals?

"Not the laurel but the race." This should be your motto. Do not work for the honor which will be yours when your High School course is ended, but for the ultimate good which you will obtain from your studies. Strive to better your equipment for life; endeavor to increase your fund of useful and pleasant knowledge. When you once stop to think, how much finer it is to get a ten in Latin or Chemistry for the sake of adding to your own knowledge than

for the sake of standing ahead of some one else.

Indeed, the men whom our country delights to honor, Washington, Lincoln, and other heroes did their duty because it was their duty. Rewards naturally follow in many instances, but, after all, isn't it enough just to feel the sweet satisfaction of having done a good thing?

Fellow-classmates the same maxim will be of use to you as you go out into life. Do the duty that lies nearest to you without thought of reward and do it every day as well as you can. Be faithful to what is required of you just for the sake of being faithful. "The deed is for the doer." As Phillips Brooks has said, "Only to find our duty certainly, and somewhere, somehow, to do it faithfully Lord, make us good strong, happy, and useful men and women."

—E. W

CORNERS ON

Giggles—Florence Godfrey.
Wiggles—Esther Wetherell.
Boys—Alice Holman.
Marks—Marjorie Wood.
Zeroes—J. Dunn.
Blissful House Parties—Millie Lincoln.
Smiles—Lyla Crapo.
Cheeks—Nora Callahan.

When Lyla wears a sweater
She looks just up to date;
You know she's tall and slender
And such a sporty gait!

Miss Wood's the one you want to see
If you wish to ask a question:
She's good and kind, and you'll surely find
She'll give you prompt attention.

Though Alfred has his ups and downs,
His disposition's steady:
When in his cart you wish to ride,
You'll find him always ready.

Mr. Christie, tall and thin,
Is always late when he comes in;
Late in Latin he will go,
"What's the matter?" "Clock was slow."

The strength of twenty men.—*J. Dunn.*
The quiet sense of something lost.
Miss Sherman.
No torment is so bad as love.—*Nichols.*
Who says in verse what others say in prose.
—*Conaty.*
The pomps and vanity of this wicked world.
—*Miss Hall.*



MANNHEIM. BAGLEY, Cuth
PHILADELPHIA. WHITMAN. WOODS, Manager.
HORNICK. KELLOGG,
SCHLESINGER. TIEGER

GRINDS.

J. Dunn (proving a proposition with a very much distorted figure)—“Now we can easily see from figure that $CD = XY$.”

Prof. (in a sepulchral voice)—“And the greatest of these is faith.”

—(unconsciously pointing to head)—“We have here a high vacuum.”

STEAM OR HOT AIR?

In Chem.—“Yes, Bassett, you can produce more steam than you can handle.”

HARD TO TELL.

“Whom are you going to take to the next Social, Haslam?”

Haslam.—“Oh, I haven’t decided yet, I’ve asked three girls already, and two of them have accepted, but I think I’ll take someone else.”

Chem.—“Now you have these in solution, what is your next step?”

—(in suppressed voice)—“Break your beaker.”

“There little boy, don’t cry;

They have roasted you hard I know.
You felt quite blue with the laugh on you,
And your dignity suffered a blow;
But you’ll look back,
And laugh too, bye and bye;
So there, little boy, don’t cry.”

Toomey.—“If I were running from Wales Street to the High School at the rate of ten feet a second, my velocity would be ten feet. This is true of all bodies; it makes no difference whether they are heavenly bodies or not.”

Instructor.—“A splendid example of what we don’t want, Bassett.”

English Teacher (as Christie lounges in late).—“H’m! It would be better for one coming late to walk briskly, wouldn’t it?”

Christie.—“All right I’ll make up for it going out.”

Chemistry Instructor.—“Solid CS_2 is now used to kill prairie dogs. They find the hole where the dog lives, stop it up with solid CS_2 , and thus kill the dog and bury him automatically.”

GRIN & CO.

Gentlemen.—I used your Geometry Freshman year and have continued to use it for four years. I find it improves with age.

Gratefully yours,
Chas. Gillon.

Knowles (demonstrating a proposition in geom.) *** “But both of these conclusions are directly contrary to the hypotenuse.”

History teacher.—“What did the inhabitants of Jamestown die from, Miss Williams?”

Miss Williams.—“Lack of starvation.”

A LOVE DITTY.

“I love its gentle warble,
I love its gentle flow,
I love to wind my tongue up,
I love to hear it go.
—*Miss You Know Who.*

WHO IS IT?

“Absent on Monday,
Excused on Tuesday,
Rehearses on Wednesday,
Declaims on Thursday,
Zero on Friday,
Basket ball Saturday,
Church on Sunday.”

HOW THE FORT WAS SAVED.

IT was a beautiful day in the late summer of the year 1637. The country around the Connecticut valley as far as the eye could reach, was one vast expanse of ever changing green, now a vivid yellow green where the sun shone brightest, and now a dark, rich color where cool maples and thick firs threw a delightful shade. A long sandy road, disappearing in the distance, was lined with brilliant goldenrod, blue and white starry-eyed asters, and tall dandelions. A breeze rustled through the leaves which were already beginning to don gay garments, and lulled everything into a dreamy noon-day repose.

In the shade of some bushes lay a boy, about fourteen years of age, flat on his back with an old hat pulled down over his eyes, thoughtfully chewing a blade of grass. He was affected by the drowsiness of the atmosphere and would have fallen fast asleep, had not the cravings of his stomach reminded him of the dinner that was awaiting him at home, a short distance away. He jumped to his feet, jerked the hat from his head, and after gazing about him at the beauty of the scene, exclaimed aloud impulsively, "Savages in a beautiful country like this! It's wicked!"

As if his words brought to mind that his own home might be in danger, he placed his hat firmly on his head, and set out at a brisk trot for the cabin that could be seen through the trees. He was greeted at the door by his mother, and was soon attacking the plain but substantial food placed on the table.

When but half-way through the meal there came a faint and peculiar knock, evidently a signal, that was scarcely heard in the room. Glancing apprehensively at his mother, Tom threw the door open, and in tottered an old man. He was fantastically clothed in hunter's costume, ornamented with variegated grotesque

figures, and around his neck hung a chain made of small bones. His face was of Indian type and dusky, but his straightforward manner of speaking, and his nasal, rather than gutteral, voice plainly indicated that he was a half-breed, although of the better class. His labored breathing showed that his strength was far spent, and his sleeve was stained a deep red.

Leaning back exhausted against the wall he quickly told them that the Pequots were out on a raid, and were moving northward, so that every settler for miles around was in immediate danger of attack. It had been his intention to reach the fort that was some miles off, before nightfall, but the wound inflicted by a chance arrow of some skulking Indian had proved too much for his already over-tasked strength, and he could get no farther.

The news was appalling, for that very morning Tom's father had gone to the fort for provisions, but with sturdy hearts they first made their old friend comfortable, and then planned what was to be done. Tom soon settled the matter. He would make the journey himself.

The trip was enough to frighten even a man. A long dark way through dense woods, filled with hostile Indians who moved with absolutely no noise, and committed their deeds of darkness with a stealthy hand, so that all caution usually proved unavailing, was an ordeal not to be spoken of lightly.

With a brave but anxious heart Tom took farewell of his mother, both wondering in the depths of their hearts, if that embrace was to be their last, and slid out of the door. He gained the shelter of the woods without seeing anyone. When night came on he was deep in the woods. Branches brushing across his face like uncanny hands made him jump with fright, and each twig that snapped underfoot with a crack that enlivened all the echoes of

the silent forest, made him imagine that a multitude of red men were at hand.

Here in the midst of the forest he encountered his first real danger. Through the trees he saw a light gleaming, and a band of carousing Pequots performing their weird war-dances and rejoicing in the thoughts of the bloody work they would commit before morning. To skirt the circle would require the utmost care, but he was nearly past when a hand shot out from behind a tree and grabbed his shoulder. Realizing that it would be useless to struggle, he submitted to being dragged along by his captor. They stopped in front of a large tree on the edge of the circle, and Tom was bound with thick leather thongs. The Indian then searched for his scalping-knife and after waving it aloft let it slowly descend and described a circle on the boy's head.

Tom closed his eyes to shut out the sight of the hideous demon that danced before him, showing all his savage delight of torture with frightful mouthings and grimaces. The moment of agony passed through while expecting to feel the knife make its final circle seemed an age of unutterable horror. Finally, as nothing happened, he ventured to open his eyes, and saw the Pequot poised his knife on high with a last flourish, and then let it drop slowly to his side. He glided swiftly away, doubtless to bring his companions, and Tom was left alone too dazed to move. When at length he found his captor did not return, he began to squirm and the knots that had, in the Indians' haste, been loosely tied, gave way. Cautiously he threw himself to the ground and wiggled along, Indian fashion, and only when well off, did he get to his feet. Then he commenced running as fast as his stiffened limbs would permit.

The sun was beginning to tinge the east before he came even in sight of the fort. Knowing that this was the time usually set for attack, he pushed on, weary, famished, and foot-sore, but determined to accomplish his errand, though

he lost his life in the attempt. He reached the fort, made his way in unseen, and succeeded in alarming the whole garrison by giving a shrill war-hoop, a trick that his boyish nature could not resist playing. The men at once put the fort in a condition for fighting, but none too soon. A few minutes later the Indians attacked, but as the garrison had been warned, the savages were repulsed without difficulty.

Next day Tom returned home with his father. He told his night's adventures many times to his friends and to his family, for they all admired the plucky boy, and thought none the less of his courage, even though he had been frightened.—R. W.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"Take him up tenderly,
Lift him with care,
Fashioned so slenderly
Young and so fair."
—Knowles.

As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm!
—Graduation Speakers.

And she has hair of a golden hue.
Take care!—A. White.

How lady-like, how queen-like she appears.
—Miss Perk.

Tis 'Natures' plan,
The child should grow into the man.—Totten.
Books were her passion and delight.
—Miss Nelmes.

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my
hand and not elsewhere. —Miss Presbrey.

In the right place is her heart.—Miss Busiere.

A man of books and meditation.—J. J. Smith.
I say
Just what I think, and nothing more or less.
—C. Bassett.

The Solving of a Southern Ghost Mystery.

WELL, we're off!" This exclamation came from the lips of a tall athletic-appearing fellow who stood on the end platform of a south-bound train. His companion, of the same robust build, which bespoke them both to be college fellows, growled out this reply:

"Yes, we are off, all right, but why in thunder couldn't Clayton have come too? Here we have planned a lark of a vacation, and he has gone and skipped the town, a week before our start!"

"Oh well, old fellow, we can't always have our own way, you know, so cheer up, and we will make the best of it." The owner of this cheery voice, gravely waved his hat at the fast disappearing station, and turning to the one to whom he had given the advice, began talking in a low voice, and both were soon deep in an interesting conversation, forgetting all their perplexities.

Dana Warren, the first speaker, and Elton Thurston, the latter, were room-mates in one of the popular colleges in the western part of the state of Massachusetts. Clayton Kingsley, an ingenuous fellow, was their bosom companion but nothing pleased him more than to shut himself up in his room, and work on what he termed his "inventions". The other fellows, however, called it "rot" and dragged him away from his room every chance they got.

These three fellows, one day about two weeks before their vacation, planned to spend their fourteen days of freedom together at a pleasant country summer house in South Virginia. As the time drew near, Dana and Elton noticed that Clayton was uneasy, and before they new what he was about Clayton had secured permission from the dean to go away a week earlier than the rest, and

had departed to parts unknown to his friends.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
The day Clayton Kingsley left the college so unexpectedly, one might have seen a young fellow, comfortably ensconced in a parlor-car, bound south, chuckling to himself and saying, "Good one on them all right!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
On Monday as the X., Y., & Z., fast express puffed up to the little shack, in a small southern city, called by the natives the station, Dana Warren and Elton Thurston jumped down from the steps and surveyed the surrounding landscape with approving eyes. "Good shooting and good fishing by the looks. Oh I guess this place will do all right!" philosophically remarked Elton, after a moment's contemplation of the place.

"Hope so," returned Dana. "Hey there, you fellow, lug our baggage over into this wagon, will you?" This command was shouted at an apology for a colored porter who was lounging against a door-way, lazily smoking a pipe.

The baggage was duly landed into the huck-board, and the two fellows having taken rather uncertain seats on the tops of the trunks, they started for the hotel, about two miles distant, with the old darky as their coachman. On their way they encountered a group of pickaninnies, who bombarded them with pebbles; but this was the only incident that marred the quietness of the journey for a mile until their driver, taking his pipe from his mouth, and slapping the reins over the backs of the horses, began to speak. "Er—what say?" asked Dana, who had been lost in reverie.

"Ah say, that that ar house on thar hill, ober dar by de riber, is haunted!" he repeated with emphasis .

"Haunted? Jove, you don't say?" and Dana turned to look in the direction pointed out by the old negro's bony finger. "Say Elt, there'll be some fun, all right, when we visit the place," he remarked confidentially to Thurston.

"What?" shrieked the darky, "Yo' don' mean to say yo' two is gwine ober dar?"

"Sure thing!" from Dana.

"Wall ah must say yo' two don' know much," and the old darky lapsed into silence again. Dana nudged Elton and no more was said, until they were landed bag and baggage at the hotel steps. Their trunks were taken to their respective rooms and after supper as they lolled on the piazza, smoking and watching the sun sink down in a blaze of glory, the proprietor strolled up to them and began to tell them the history of the place. Suddenly Dana asked, "What about the haunted house?"

The man laughed. "Have you heard of it so soon? I'll reckon ol' Sam told you. He is the most superstitious man around here. Why, the other day—well, to get back to the house. Ever since I can remember it has been spoken of as haunted, but I never paid much attention to it, until one night about a week ago. 'Twas in the evenin' and I was sitting out here cooling off, when one of the niggers come running up to me his eyes big as saucers, and cried out, 'Oh massa, thar's a light in de haunted house!' Wall I went around to look and sure 'nuff there was a bright light burning in the highest room of the tower. No one dared to go near it, so I passed it off to the men as a joke, but when I was alone I did some pretty tall thinking consarning it. I'm sure I would like to know more about it."

The two fellows made a few nonchalant comments and then retired for the night, but not until they had made plans for the next Friday evening.

The next few days were spent uneventfully, their time being taken up wholly, in fishing,

hunting and smoking. When Friday morning came they made known their daring plans to the household. They were going down the river, they said at nine o'clock in the evening and up into the house to solve the riddle. The negroes turned frightened faces upon them and pleaded with them not to go. Even the proprietor chimed in and told them "That if they were set on doing it they had better do it in the day-time, for it was pretty risky business to do at night." Dana and Elton, however, remained firm to their purpose and at sharp quarter of nine they selected a small boat at the wharf and started on their perilous journey, with the last cries of advice from the negroes ringing in their ears. Dana rowed and for a while the two kept up a lively conversation. But as they neared the rotting wharf, quite near the house they became strangely silent. The water near the wharf was thick with rushes and weeds, and as Dana plied his oars through the rank growth, a flock of wild geese rose with a loud flapping of their wings, and with their angry sleepy "co honk-co-honk," flapped away to find a more sheltered sleeping place. Both the fellows stifled a cry and finished the journey in silence. Stealthily they made the boat fast, and silently they started the steep ascent of the hill. When about half way up Dana thought Elton was lagging and he whispered in a shaky voice, "S-s-s-scared?"

"N-not a b-bit of it! Wh-what made you th-think s-so?" came the low tremulous reply.

"N-n-nothing! Sh-sh, be quiet!" Dana gave a low frightened command and Elton stopped to hear only a sleepy squirrel scolding from his hole in the tree.

They had reached the top of the hill, and there within fifty feet of them was the object of their search, the haunted house, with a bright light, shining from the upper tower window. Cautiously they picked their way through the long ragged grass, and fearfully they ascended the narrow veranda and tried the heavy door. It

would not yield to their pushing so they opened and managed to clamber in a window that was near the door. Once within the house, their courage failed them and Elton confessed that he did not dare to go any farther.

For a minute, that seemed hours to them, Dana did not answer and then resolutely starting forward, he exclaimed, "I'm going up if I never come down again, and you've got to come with me!" At this stern answer, Elton meekly followed, although not without a vague foreboding in his heart.

Slowly, quietly they ascended the dark, creaking stairway and before they realized it, they stood before the mysterious door, with the mysterious light shining dimly through the keyhole. Suddenly a muffled sound like hammering issued from behind the door and the two supposedly courageous college boys trembled with fear.

"Chains clanking," wisely whispered Elton. "They say they always accompany ghosts."

"Shut up, will you, Elt?" growled Dana. "I'm going in if it costs me my life!" he ended dramatically, and raising his hand he gave a loud knock on the door. Silence. Another knock, not quite so loud beat against the panel, and a gruff voice called out from within, "Who's there?"

"By the heaven's"—broke from Dana's lips and hurriedly he called out, "Dana Warren and Elton Thurston, and hurry up and let us in, will you?" The door burst open and they were dragged into the room by a pair of strong arms and deposited on a rickety sofa in the corner.

"How in the dickens—well," exploded their captor and they looked up into the face of—Clayton Kingsley.

Dana was the first to speak, "How in time did you get here?"

"Now just wait a moment and don't get excited," began Clayton. "I will begin at the beginning. You know that I started an inven-

tion a few weeks ago, that was bound to be—"

"Cut the invention part out!" cried Elton

"No interruptions please, or I won't finish. Well as I was saying I wanted to finish it and I knew it would be impossible with you fellows around so I came away of my own accord and landed here. I have hired the place from no-one, came here of my own free will, and here I have stayed, undisturbed, until you—" and a friendly expression of disgust told the rest.

Dana broke the silence. "I say, old fellow, you are the extreme limit."

"Yes," returned Kingsley, "probably, but now to come down to the point; how in thunder did you happen to come up here?" Their story was soon told, and Clayton asked:

"What are you going to tell the hotel-keeper and the rest of the people?"

"Hang it, I don't know, never thought of that. What would you say, old chap?" Dana turned to Elton, who had during this recital been sitting there quietly, with an expression of amusement on his face.

"Don't tell them anything. Say it was too horrible to relate and that if they want to know they must come here and find out for themselves."

"That's great and we'll do it!" burst admiringly from Dana. And then the three sat down and talked far into the night.

The next morning the hotel people eagerly asked the boys the results of their exploits, but in vain. They both put on a horrified look and begged to be excused from relating their hair-raising adventures of the night before. No amount of teasing could draw the story from them. To this day, so I have heard, these superstitious Southern people are waiting for someone who will go to the haunted house and clear up the mystery for them, although they see no light at the window and hear no more mysterious sounds.

QUONDAM MEMBERS.

J. P. Burns.	H E. Pierce.	Mary P. Frawley.
C. J. Cayer.	C. B. Preston.	Alice G. Gaffney.
W. A. Cole.	F. C. Rielly.	Anna L. Godfrey.
B. S. Conaty.	B. W. Simpson.	Madeleine V. Godfrey.
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D. A. Josselyn.	Ethel P. Chandler.	Gertrude B. Raftery.
R. H. Lincoln.	Jennie E. Conant.	Emily G. Robinson.
W. A. Lyons.	Nellie Connor.	Clara Marg. Ryder.
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In Memoriam

JAMES MASTERSON
ALICE GAFFNEY

CLASS ODE.

As long ago in childish sport,
We vied with glee the prize to gain,
So here today the struggle o'er,
To vict'ry's laurels we attain;
For dreaming of this happy hour,
We've seen through many longing years,—
This goal of all our school-day hopes.
This source of all our childish fears.

But, standing here, we forward look
Into the Future's cheerful face
And we can see still urging on,
The larger prize,—the longer race.
Into our strife, loved schoolmates, now,
We enter each with armor on;
With honest, earnest, faithful hearts,
We know the new prize may be won.

Farewell, then, teachers, schoolmates dear,
This parting hour is only sad
Because it breaks our school-life ties;
We sorrow when we should be glad.
But in the future we shall turn,
With pleasure to these joyful days,
And cherish a united love
While traveling on life's varied ways.

*Words by EDNA HARNDEN.
Music by HAROLD W. SHEDD.*

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